AN "OLD BOY'S" ADVICE.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

My boy, you're soon to be a man;
Get ready for a man's work now,
And learn to do the best you can,
When sweat is brought to arm and brow.

Don't be afraid, my boy, to work;
You've got to, if you mean to win!
He is a coward who will shirk;
Roll up your sleeves, and then "go in!"

Don't wait for chances; look about!
There's always *something* you can do.
He who will manfully strike out,
Finds labor; plenty of it, too.

But he who folds his hands and waits
For "something to turn up," will find
The toiler passes Fortune's gates,
While he, alas, is left behind!

Be honest as the day is long;
Don't grind the poor man for his cent.
In helping others, you grow strong,
And kind deeds done are wisely lent.

And this remember: if you're wise,
To your own business be confined.
He is a fool, and fails, who tries
His fellow-men's affairs to mind.

Don't be discouraged and get blue
If things don't go to suit you quite;
Work on! Perhaps it rests with you
To set the wrong that worries, right.

Don't lean on others! Be *a man!*
Stand on a footing of your own!
Be independent, if you can,
And cultivate a sound backbone!

Be brave and steadfast, kind and true,
With faith in God and fellow-man,
And win from them a faith in you,
By doing *just the best you can!*

THE BOY SENTINEL.

Fred Myron Colby, in Golden Days.

One spring day, in the year 1745, the settlers of old Londonderry, near the Merrimack, were alarmed by the news, brought by a friendly Indian, that a large body of French and savages was advancing toward the neighborhood. The alarm was somewhat strengthened by the additional information that the combined force of the enemy was led by the Frenchman, Hortel du Rouville, notorious, even in that age of force and cruelty, for his ruthless and unsparing hate toward the colonists.

The settlers were busy sowing their grain, but at the dread information they left their harrows in the furrows and hastened to prepare as well as they might for the attack of the French partisan and his red and white warriors.

Londonderry had been settled about twenty years previous to the time of which we write by a large body of Scottish emigrants—tall, stalwart men, and stately women nearly as strong and vigorous as the men. The larger part of them had settled in the valley, and thirty cabins dotting the greensward made a pleasant picture in the summer landscape. A few had strayed away from the village, choosing a more retired neighborhood, allured partly, no doubt, by the fertility of the broad hillsides that stretched to the northward. Among this latter number was Donald Fraser.

Donald was a man in the prime of life, a large, angular Highlander, blunt and outspoken, but an excellent man withal. He was the possessor of means above most of his fellow-emigrants, ample evidence of which was given by his broad, well-tilled fields and the superior architecture of his dwelling.

The home of the thrifty Scotchman was a regular block-house. It was a large structure, two stories and a half high, the upper portion protruding over the lower story. Upon the front side there was a singular feature, unique in early colonial architecture. From the top of the second story a small balcony or gallery was built out several feet from the main building. A door opened upon it from the attic, and it was surrounded by a low paling. Here the Scotchman and his family sat every Sunday, Donald contentedly smoking his pipe, as he gazed upon his spreading acres, the rest of the family amusing themselves by singing Presbyterian hymns as old as John Knox.

The Scotchman's family consisted of his wife, Mysie, a girl nearly grown to womanhood, named Agnes, and young Douglas Fraser, a boy about fourteen years old. The household was larger, embracing Gilbert and Andrew, the stout, freckle-faced, good-humored help, and the buxom maid-of-all-work, Janet.

On the morning of the day upon which the expected invasion of the French and Indians was causing so much stir at the hamlet, Donald Fraser, wholly ignorant of the threatened danger, stood before his dwelling with his roan work-horse saddled and bridled, preparatory to going to mill. The two hired men were in the field at work but the rest of the household stood at the door as stout Donald, with his pipe in his mouth, mounted old Dobbin and shook the rein over his grizzly mane. He did not go more than a rod before he halted.

"Ye aren't ane bite-worrit gude wife?" he asked, looking backward.

"Goo lang, Donald. What be ye stopping fur?" said Mrs. Fraser. "Ye won't be back to lunch if ye dinna mind. Have I not Douglas here?"

"Od, Mysie, doo, yer tongue is loupin' like a mill-hopper. I only asked ye a proper question, but I'll say nae mair."

He rode away at a quiet trot, and the woods shut him in speedily. The mill was at the hamlet, four miles distant, and the journey there and back usually consumed half a day. They had no anxiety about his safety or their own, and after the settler's departure work went on as usual at the block-house.

It was about ten o'clock. Mrs. Fraser was in the kitchen, clearing up after the churning; Agnes and Janet were in the yard, spreading the week's washing upon the green; Douglas was in the garret, decking himself in the brave array of a Highland chieftain, when they were alarmed by several musket-shots, fired in close proximity.

Dropping a huge claymore, which the elder Fraser had borne gallantly in the long and terrible siege of Londonderry, in Ireland, the lad hastened to the balcony, and looked around the clearing.

Upon a distant hillside was the four-acre wheat-field where Andrew and Gilbert had been at work. It was in plain sight from the house, and Douglas had seen the men there not half an hour before. To his suprise they were not visible now.

While he was striving to obtain a sight of the vanished laborers, there was a dash of hoofs below, and the work-horses, detached from their harrow, came panting up to the house, as if to seek protection.

The next moment the boy saw a sight that explained alike the musket-shots and the flight of the horses.

Along the borders of the wood Douglas caught a glimpse of several skulking Indians, and just as he was turning away to alarm the household, he saw the glint of arms among the trees, and detected a large body of white men riding into the clearing. A banner glistening with the *fleur-de-lis*, borne in front, showed that they were French, and therefore enemies.

Douglas rushed down to the lower rooms very hurriedly, where he found the women pale and trembling with affright.

Deeply impressed with the idea that he was the only man about the premises at this crisis, he seized the opportunity to show them that they had a defender in him.

"Eh weel, ye dinna muckle fear, mither o' mine," he said. "They're ainly French and savages. We'll beat them off weel enow."

"Alack! I trow not," said the Scotch wife, wringing her hands. "Oh, why is not puir Donald here? We shall all be killed entirely."

"Nae, mither, nae. We kin keep the blamed red-skins off with hot water. As for the French, those gray springalds are not worth much one way or anither. Bar the doors! Ye and Janet run to the south door; I will bar the north one."

The doors, which were of solid oak and very heavy, with ponderous wooden bars stretched diagonally across them, were speedily closed. They were just in time.

Douglas had only drawn the bar across the north door, when several of the savages ran against it with a crash.

"Open—open, without delay!" cried a Frenchman, "else we will scalp every woman and child under the roof!"

"That is much mair aisy said than doun, I'm thinkit," said the lad. "We will never open to ye bluidy Frenchmen, God helpit us!"

The reply to this was a shower of blows on the door, so heavy that the whole building shook beneath them.

For a few seconds nothing was heard but the din of the blows struck by the tomahawks of the enemy.

"We canna never standit that. The heathen wi' bring doon the house over our heads, if we wi'staun' them not."

That was said by Mrs. Fraser, and she continued:

"Janet, we wi' bring soum water to warm them. I ken they wi' not endure the likes o' that."

Mrs. Fraser and the buxom Janet hastened for the hot water. It was a happy thought. It was washing-day, as we have said before, and the great brass kettle in the kitchen fireplace was full of steaming suds. To fill several pails with the burning flud was the work of but a moment.

Then the two women carried them to the loft above the door where the savages were busy at work with their hatchets.

There was a trap-door in the floor of the loft, which the pioneer had caused to be constructed, with an eye to such an emergency as the present. This was carefully lifted, and the contents of the pails at once emptied on the heads of the Indians, who uttered terrific yells, and leaped backward, as the scalding water flowed over their persons.

Meanwhile, Agnes—at the other door—had sent the savages flying by overturning upon them a barrel of rye-flour, which, working into their eyes, had entirely blinded several of the dusky assailants. Douglas, where was he?

The boy had not waited to see the effect of boiling water and fine rye-flour upon the besiegers. He had gone at once to the attic, for he recollected that there was a hole under the eaves of the roof, which would serve an admirable purpose.

There were plenty of muskets and ammunition in the house, but Douglas seized a weapon with which he was much more familiar. This was a yew-tree bow, about three feet long. He had practiced with it oft and oft, till he had acquired a skill wonderful in one so young.

He found an excellent spot to exercise his craft. From his place of concealment he could observe all the actions of the enemy, without being himself seen.

A group of Frenchmen were standing at the further side of the green, discussing, with animated gestures.

Douglas bent his bow and sent a cloth-yard shaft, which fixed itself in the left shoulder of one of the men. Before they could move their location, the boy had launced another arrow. This one struck an officer in the eye, and prostrated him.

The group now sought shelter behind a couple of huge oaks, which, for the time, put an end to the boy's archery in that direction.

But the Indians, who were retreating from the south door, rubbing the rye-flour from their eyes, now came under his notice.

One of them received an arrow in his back, which put an end to all maraudings of his in the future.

Almost before that shaft had reached its mark a second was on the string, and in another instant it pierced an Indian's left leg in the thigh, making him howl with pain.

A savage, who was preparing to discharge his musket, received a bolt that transfixed his right hand, which, of course, frustrated his intention.

The whole party now seemed to act as though they had become suddenly convinced that they stood exposed to the shafts of an archer who could use them with unerring certainty, for they drew off a short distance for the purpose of consultation.

Douglas watched them through the hole under the eaves. Presently a man came forward, holding a white flag. The boy knew that this indicated a desire for a truce.

The man who bore it was a richly-dressed officer, and, as Douglas conjectured, none other than the leader of the expedition himself—Hortel de Rouville. The Indians stood in the background, but a score of musketeers advanced to within a dozen paces of their leader, where they halted. The officer and his men had not long to wait.

On the balcony, twenty good yards from him, and some twelve feet above the level of where he sat on his horse, Douglas Fraser appeared, looking strikingly handsome in his brooched plaid, his kilts and philibeg, and with a glengarry cap surmounting the clear-cut Celtic face, with its blue eyes and flowing hair; but a warrior, even if a child

In his hand he held, half-bent, his yew-tree bow, and on the string was a cloth-yard shaft, with strong steel point, with the thumb and finger ready to let it fly with a force and an aim that could not be otherwise than deadly.

And, as the Frenchman looked up, he saw that the arrow was aimed directly at his heart, and held as steadily as if the boy had been pointing at a distant deer or a mountain eagle.

"Halt there! Wha are ye, and what want ye noo?" was the salutation of our hero.

"Who am I, boy? That you will learn soon enough!" was the reply of the officer. "I am a Frenchman, and the commander of these soldiers an Indians, and you had best send some of your elders to consult with me about the surrender of the place."

"Eh, weel; sea muckle, I thocht!" came from the set lips of the boy—his arm, meanwhile, not changed by a hair-breadth. "Ye want my elders, dae ye? Then nane o' them wi' ye find. My feyther is awa' anent the matin, and I rede ye gay-coated Frenchnan—ye ca' yersel'—to tak' tent to yer coat, gin ye dae no address me wi' mair respect!"

"God's mercy!" broke from the officer. "And what will you do if I treat not your young lordship with greater courtesy?"

"Gin ye move frae whar' ye sit, or gin ye dae not dae what I will; I will send this bit shaft, wi' the which I brocht doon an aight-foot eagle yestre'en, that clean through the body o' a king's officer, fearsome nigh the heart. Tak' warnin', Frenchman, while the play's nae that rough."

"Ha!" cried De Rouville, with a sneer, while his face flushed hotly. "Do you say so? By Notre Dame, the play begins to be earnest! Men, cover the popinjay with your musketoons. Let us see what he has to say to that."

At the word, into every man's hand fell the barrel of his weapon, and twenty deadly tubes were aimed full at the heroic youngster.

But there he stood, as if in stone—the bow drawn further now, and the thumb and finger griping the pointed shaft that might fly in an instant, with the result of certain death.

"Oh, ay!" he exclaimed. "I ken the likes o' that! Let them shoot, gin they will, but they canna shoot quick enuch to save yer heart, bluidy Frenchman. Gin ye gie ane mair order to shoot, an' ye dee! Dae ye unnerstaun' me the noo? Gin ye order them to tak' awa', a-weel, and gin ye hae anything to say that can be listened to wi'out shame, I'm aye ready to hear."

"I want you to surrender," said the partisan. "I have two hundred soldiers and Indians here. If you will not yield we will take you by storm, and kill every soul of you."

"Oh, weel, gang yer way, then, for we shall never yield to ye, bluidy Frenchman. Sae dae yer worst the noo."

De Rouville uttered a savage oath.

"Shoot the boy where he stands!" he cried.

"Sae be it; but ye dee first, said Douglas, drawing his arrow to the head.

There was a moment of hesitation. Then, moved by the almost certainty of instant death—for, as the boy said, the shaft would fly quicker than even the bullets could speed—the Frenchman lifted his hand, and the second command rang out:

"Recover your arms, men!"

The leveled tubes were lifted. Then, for the first time, the drawn bow was allowed to slacken, though the hands did not alter their position, and the aim of the deadly arrow was not changed.

"Retire to those women and children behind the walls," continued De Rouville. "There has been enough of boy's play. We will see what fire can do. Retire at once, for my Indians are about to advance."

De Rouville turned his horse, and at that instant the war-whoops rang out again, wild and terrible, while a hail-storm of bullets came rattling against the sides of the block-house.

But Douglas was safe under the roof of the attic, where he once more took up his position with deadly intent.

"Dinna kill the puir heathen, Douglas, dear," said his mother—her woman's heart gaining the mastery over her fear.

"But they're gaun tae burn us, mither—burn the auld hoose o'er oor heads!"

"Eh, weel, they canna dae that same! Disable ilka man o' them; but avoid takin' life."

Douglas promised to obey.

An Indian was approaching the door at the moment, with a bundle of fagots on his back. When he was within ten feet of the house an arrow struck him in the fleshy part of the shoulder, which caused him to drop his bundle.

Another red-skin took up the fagots, but was forced to relinquish them speedily. The biceps muscle of his right arm was tranfixed by a pointed shaft. He uttered a yell and took to his heels.

Several other savages who tried to approach the house to fire it received like treatment, till at length they became so frightened at that fearful discharge of arrows, which maimed but did not kill, that the sternest commands of the partisan could not prevail to make them advance upon a house defended so skillfully.

De Rouville stormed and blustered, but it was of no avail. The Indians refused entirely to work, and the Frenchmen were quite as unwilling as their red comrades to undergo the risk of disabling wounds in the further prosecution of the business.

After an hour or two, and after discharging their muskets in futile rage at the walls that defied them, the enemy retired. By noon the cry of the war-whoops and the sound of the guns died away in silence.

So the bravery and the skill of our boy-sentinel saved the block-house; and not only that, but the settlement probably owed its preservation to him as well; for, discouraged by his futile attempt upon the block-house, De Rouville and his savage force did not proceed against Londonderry.

Unmolested by the vengeful enemy, the little hamlet reposed quietly amid its circle of green woods.

Just before nightfall, the pioneer Donald returned, accompanied by a few of the settlers. He had heard at the hamlet of the inroad of the French partisan, and expected nothing less than to find his buildings burned and his family carried into captivity or worse. His thankfulness can be imagined when he discovered his property safe and his family unharmed.

The two hired men came in during the night. They had been hiding in a secret recess in the forest, having thus escaped the toils of the enemy. One of them was suffering from a bullet-wound, but no serious results followed, and in less than a fortnight he was able to be at work again.

The after-fate of such a man as should grow from the Douglas Fraser of that boyhood is a matter of interest. He became a gallant soldier in the old French war, and was with Wolfe in the memorable capture of Quebec, which put an end forever to all French invasions in America.

In the Revolution, he and his son fought bravely in many of the battles for our liberty. He died full of honors and of years, and to-day his descendants are among the leading citizens of the old town on the Merrimac.

THE SAND BLAST.

Among the wonderful and useful inventions of the times is the common blast. Suppose you desire a piece of marble for a gravestone; you cover the stone with a sheet of wax no thicker than a wafer; then you cut in the wax the name, date, etc., leaving the marble exposed. Now pass it under a blast and the sand shall cut it away. Remove the wax and you have the cut letters. Take a piece of French plate glass, say two by six feet, cover it with fine lace, and pass it under the blast, and not a thread of the lace will be injured, but the sand will cut deep into the glass wherever it is not covered by the lace. Now remove the lace, and you have a delicate and beautiful figure raised on the glass. In this way beautiful figures of all kinds are cut in glass and at a small expense. The workmen can hold their hands under the blast without harm, even when it is rapidly cutting away the hardest glass, iron, or stone, but they must look out for finger nails, or they will be whittled off right hastily. If they put on steel thimbles to protect the nails it will do but little good, for the sand will soon whittle them away; but if they wrap a piece of cotton around them they are safe. You will at once see the philosophy of it. The sand whittles away and destroys any hard substance—even glass—but does not affect substances that are soft and yielding, like wax, cotton, fine lace, or even the human hand.—*Journal of Science.*

THINGS TO MAKE A NOTE OF.

CURATE'S PUDDING.—Beat the yolks of two eggs with two ounces of flour, and one tablespoonful of milk; set half a pint of milk, less the tablespoonful, on the fire, with two ounces of sugar, and two ounces of butter; make them hot, but do not let them boil; when the flour and eggs are beaten quite smooth, add the hot milk, etc., also the whites of the eggs, beaten very light. Mix thoroughly, and pour into four saucers, buttered and heated hot; bake twenty minutes in a quick oven; when cooked a light-brown color, lay two of them on a dish spread with plum or other jam, place the other two on top, and serve at once.

PLUM PUDDING WITHOUT SUET.—Half pound of flour, half pound of currants, half pound of grated carrots, half pound grated potatoes, quarter pound of butter, two ounces of sugar; mix all together, adding a little salt, and any other approved seasoning; boil in a buttered basin an hour and a half, and serve with sweet sauce. A large spoonful of molasses is an agreeable addition. Some persons use butter, in the place of suet, for pudding, as it makes them lighter and more digestible.

POTATO CROQUETTES.—Season cold mashed potatoes with pepper, salt and nutmeg. Beat to a cream with a teaspoon of melted butter to every cupful of potato; bind with two or three well-beaten eggs, and add some minced parsley (if you like). Roll into oval balls, dip in beaten egg, then in bread crumbs, and fry in hot lard or drippings. Pile in a pyramid upon a flat dish and serve.

STEWED LEG OF LAMB.—Choose a small leg of lamb weighing about four pounds, and put it into a kettle which is just large enough for it, with two onions, a small carrot, an ounce of salt, a small teaspoonful of pepper, two cloves, a small bundle of sweet herbs, and a quart of stock. Cover the stewpan closely, and let it boil gently for two hours. It will be well to try the meat at the end of an hour and a half, and if it is then tender cease boiling, and let it stand on a cool part of the range until wanted. Strain the gravy, take off the fat, and reduce it to a pint by boiling without the lid of the stewpan, pour it over the meat and serve. Boil a quarter of a pound of Italian pastine in a quart of water slightly salted, until tender. Most shapes take about ten minutes. Take care when you throw in the pastine, that the water boils, and that it continues to do so during all the time of cooking, as this will keep the pastine from sticking together. Put this by way of garnish round the dish on which you have placed the leg of lamb.—*Household Works.*

FOR CANCER.—Gather wood-sorrel when in blossom (that bearing a blue flower is better than the yellow flowered); pound and press out the juice; put it in a plate and cover the whole plate with glass; set it in the sun until a paste is formed; then cork it tightly in a vial. When applied, it should be spread on a cloth or washleather, and placed over the cancer only in the daytime, so that the patient may sleep. If properly gathered, prepared and applied, it will, it is asserted, draw out the cancer in about four days. Meantime the patient should drink much yellow-dock tea.—*New York Times.*

THE CRATER OF KILAUEA.

The following pen-picture of the fearful crater of Kilauea is from the Honolulu *Advertiser*. Tourists to the volcano for many years past all remember certain active pools of lava, the North and South Lakes, which ordinarily bubbled and tossed a fiery flood at a depth of about 120 feet below the floor of the great crater. Now these lakes have all been filled up, and there have arisen peaks and cones of hard lava that rise over 100 feet above the south bank of the great crater, which is about 1,000 feet high. But there has burst forth a new opening in the great crater floor not far distant from the old lakes, and created a new lake almost round in form, about 600 feet across and some seventy feet in depth, in ordinary stages below the surrounding brink. Here the great Hawaiian volcano presents the most varied fantastic play of liquid lava. Here are some of the phases of the play of a fire lake, as recently observed in the crater of Kilauea. Sometimes it seems almost to sleep, and the disappointed visitor looks down into a black valley and observes a smoking pit giving no more evidence of combustion than a tar kiln. But the observer stands on the brink of the pit, or great pool or lake, as now appears, about 600 feet across, and whose surface is about seventy feet below him. And what is this surface? It presents a dark silver-gray hue, with a satiny shine. This is a crust of quiescent lava, and the observer who has expected to have his sense of wonder strained to speechlessness, says: "Is this all?" No! look! the frozen glassy lake is alive. What a heave in the centre—some mighty beast lifting up that floor! Now a wave of undulation runs round the incrusted marge. And there is an outburst, a blood-red fount, gushing and bubbling from one of earth's arteries. The broad disk of the lake heaves and trembles! Fitful gaseous flashes flit across, and now the moving floor cracks and a serrated fissure like the suture of a skull runs from marge to marge, and quick, darting streaks, sudden cracks of the crust, shoot across in all directions. These serrated streaks are at first rosy lines on the gray surface, then they widen like crimson ribbons, broadening to the view. They undulate with the billowy motion of the whole upheaving surface. Another crimson fount springs up along the now fretting and roaring rim of the lake; and another and another of now wildly upleaping fountains of fire toss high their gory crests, even casting gouts and clots of the red spray that fall and harden near the observer's feet. By this time the spirit of our inferno is aroused. The whole fierce red lake is all boil, and leap, and roar. It is more than the roar of loud sea surfs beating bold bluffs. The surging tide of the molten earth sounds a deeper bellowing bass than any note of the sounding sea. And now the heaved-up crust broken into fragments is churned up and dissolved in the boiling flood. The roaring gulf is now, indeed, a vortex of indescribable glories and terrors. Caves open on the sides of the surrounding wall, and a man sees more of a hell than he ever imagined. A thousand demons are now holding high carnival in this bottomless pit—and the leap and play of a fiery flood, the dance and swell of a red surging tide, and the roar and shriek of the dread forces issuing from the red-hot pulsating heart of the planet, make a thoughtful observer hold his hand to his own heart and say, "This is enough; the Almighty is here."

GEMS.

The rarest of all gems is not the diamond, which follows after the ruby. This in its turn allows precedence to the chrysoberyl—popularly known as the cat's eye. The true stone comes from Ceylon, though Pliny knew of something similar under the name of zimilampis, found in the bed of the Euphrates. Can we wonder, when we look at one of these singular productions of nature, with its silvern streak in the centre, and observe, as we move it ever so slightly, the magic rays of varying light that illumine its surface, that it was an object of profound reverence to the ancients? The possessor was supposed never to grow poorer, but always to increase his substance. The largest known is now in the possession of Mr. Bryce Wright, the well-known mineralogist. It is recorded in the annals of Ceylon, and known to history as the finest in the world. Two stars of lesser magnitude shine by its side, and we are informed that three such stones are not known to exist elsewhere in the wide world. —*London Graphic.*

A PUZZLED MAN.

The inebriate is sometimes as simple minded and over-credulous as a child, and we may add, as easily puzzled. One such, too good natured and witty to remain sober long, was vainly trying to find his way home. He accosted a passer by with, "Beg pardon, sir, I've been having too good a time to walk very straight. Will you be kind enough, beg pardon, sir, to tell me which is the other side of the street?" The stranger kindly answered, "Why, my dear fellow, I suppose it is just over there," pointing with his finger. The inebriate seemed to be strangely puzzled by the answer, and for a moment was lost in profound meditation. At last he looked into the stranger's face and said sweetly: "Beg pardon, sir, that's just what I thought myself, but I went over there about ten minutes ago and asked a gentleman the same question, and—beg pardon, sir—he told me it was over here. What in the world I'm going to do I don't know. You see—beg pardon, sir—I live just on the other side of the street from the club, and I've been more than two hours trying to find it."

Thought is the property of him who can entertain it, and of him who can adequately place it. —*Emerson.*

We are never deceived, we deceive ourselves. —*Goethe.*

Orthodoxy is my doxy, Heterodoxy is another man's doxy.—*Bishop Warburton.*

That action is best, which procures the greatest happiness for the greatest numbers.

Better to wear out than to rust out.—*Bishop Horne.*

God sends meat, and the devil sends cooks.—*Ray's Proverbs.*

Women, like princes, find few real friends.—*Lord Lyttleton.*

Every man is the architect of his own fortune.